

# DADDY SPENDS BIRTHDAY AIDING POOR

## A Little Love and Kindness All He Wanted, He Explains

(Continued from Page 3)

"Tell me, Jack, any good news from her?" he asks.

Jack shakes his head.

The realtor sighs. He holds up a photograph on the front page of yesterday's editions of The GRAPHIC.

"Browning weeps—"

"That's a great picture, Jack," he says. "That is a great one. You know, my boy, I thought, maybe, when she saw that she might understand. She doesn't."

### Still Hoped

"I thought when she saw that she might come back to me. A birthday present."

"No, Jack. She won't come in today. I know she won't. I've given up hope."

And Browning cries like a child, just as he did in The GRAPHIC photograph.

Jack chokes. He cries a little bit, too.

Something touching to see an old man cry like that.

Just like a tired clown, caving in on a circus ring as his heart breaks. Painted smiles. Fancy costume. Hoops.

### Taunts From Outside

And a tear coursing down a wrinkled cheek.

"Yay, Browning! Where's your Peaches?" The raucous cry rises above the sing and din of traffic, propelled by the husky lungs of a truck driver.

Why Browning wants publicity is a mystery. Why he likes to adopt and marry little girls is a second mystery. But, when Browning breaks down and cries like a baby, there is no mystery in it.

It is plain human!

### Sold Youth for Gold

Browning has sold his youth for dollars.

Eleven hours a day, every day, all during those golden years when the stars and the moon and the tender lips of a sweetheart should have taught him youth and dominance, he worked.

Work all day, school at night, study on Sundays, was the routine of Edward West Browning.

Browning, with a fortune of \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000 looks back down the long trail of his 52 years and sees what he has sacrificed for money.

### But Feels Poor

"Jack," he says, "I'm poor."

There is no clowning here. A lonely old man is taking to a photographer who has chanced to see both sides of a tragic comedy being enacted before the eyes of most of the civilized world.

You've wanted, after a harrowing experience, to run up to the first person you see and get the load off your chest?

That's the way Browning feels. Browning, the aged clown, sporting collegiate cravats with kerchiefs to match, jumping about while the audience applauds—or boos.

He throws his hands out. His head falls forward on his chest.

"I'm Licked," He Says

"I'm licked, boy. They want my heart's blood. They want to kill me. Well, let the girl I loved and tried to help—let the mother I gave a home—have it. What's the use?"

You have read the strange drama, act by act. Do you want millions?

Browning has them.

He eats in a bare hotel room—

breakfast and supper. Staring at the wall. Lonesome. Broken.

His lunch is two sandwiches from a delicatessen, touched off with a quart of buttermilk. That's all he wants. All his money can't add flavor to it.

### Longed for Love

The GRAPHIC reporter has known Browning for a year and a half. He has watched him run a gamut of strange emotions. He has seen him adopt and discard Mary Spas, win Peaches Heenan and lose her.

Browning said recently as the workday was done and the shadows were creeping into 72d Street:—

"All I wanted was a little love. Not passion, but love. I wanted thoughtfulness. I would have given anything to have had my wife come forward, voluntarily, and place a flower in my button-hole; arrange my scarf; do just one of a thousand things she might have done if she had cared."

### Peaches Failed Him

"But, God! She didn't do it."

"Money cannot buy that sort of devotion; that sort of love."

His one shred of happiness lies in Dorothy Sunshine.

A light of joy comes to his features as he says:—

"She's the sweetest little kiddie. Sometimes, when I go to the Rayson school, she greets me with a little clay statue, and tells me, 'This is for you, daddy. I made it.'"

These are the little kindnesses which mean something in the life of a millionaire, a laborer, a young man and an old one. Something human. A bit of tenderness. A bit of love.

Browning did not find it in Peaches.

The curtain falls. A tired old man, munching on a sandwich. Parade of girls and mothers. Ring of the telephone.

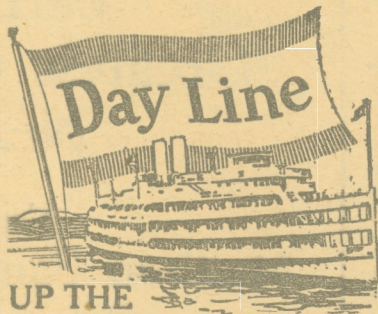
About him his castles fall one by one.

Outside, another truck driver passes.

"Hey, Browning, when's Peaches coming home?"

### NOTED GERMANS HERE

Bohumil Jirotko, known as "the Edison of Germany," arrived on the liner Resolute, accompanied by Dr. Otto Sprenger and Baron Nicholas Nettleblatt, both members of the Sprenger Corporation, which is interested in Jirotko's inventions.



## HUDSON New York to Albany

Daily, including Sunday, to Oct. 17th inclusive—For Indian Point, Bear Mountain, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Kingston Point, Catskill, Hudson and Albany. Steamer leaves Desbrosses St., 9:00 A. M.; West 42d St., 9:20 A. M.; West 129th St., 9:40 A. M.; Yonkers, 10:15 A. M. Direct rail connections. Rail tickets accepted New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Music. Restaurant.

Sundays only—For Indian Point, Bear Mountain, Newburgh and Poughkeepsie. Steamer leaves Desbrosses St., 9:50 A. M.; West 42d St., 10:10 A. M.; West 129th St., 10:30 A. M.; Yonkers, 11:05 A. M. Special Excursion to Poughkeepsie and Newburgh Saturday, October 23d, and Sunday, October 24th.

Return steamer to New York same day from points marked †.

### Ideal One-Day Outings

Hudson River Day Line Desbrosses St. Pier, N. Y. Tel. Walker 7600

## Daddy Stingy, Says Peaches

(Continued from page 3)

lar attention to my underwear. He wanted it to be of the best and like my dresses, showy. Good, plain, serviceable lingerie was all right, he used to say, but not for his wife! She had to have the best of everything! But when it came to giving me enough money to pay for them, he drew the line!

Oh, he did buy me a sable coat. It was beautiful and I was so happy when I received it! but he was awfully sore when he didn't get any publicity on it. Then I realized that Daddy wasn't putting out, as the saying goes, unless he was amply compensated.

### Daddy Rents Rolls Royce

Oh, yes, I said something about that Rolls-Royce. You know almost every story concerning me and Daddy has always carried some reference to that big, luxurious car

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## Steuer's Son-in-Law Asked To Handle Case for Peaches

(Continued from Page 3)

pale and tired today. The strain of facing the court ordeal is said to be responsible. She does not wish to meet Daddy Browning, even in court, though there she will be protected from any possible "Woof! Woof! I'm a bear," on the part of her aged swain, who today is celebrating his 52d birthday.

"I'm mighty happy," she said, "just the same. It is great to be free again. I wish, however, that the reporters would stop bothering us. I have been driven almost crazy. They all know that I am making statements only to The GRAPHIC, and why they continue to bother me I don't know."

### Girl Friend Visits Her

She told a GRAPHIC reporter that her happiness has been enhanced by the visit of Ruth Prago,

who arrived at the Heenan apartment early yesterday from Atlantic City.

Ruth's father formerly was a restaurant keeper. He sold his business and went to the seashore resort.

While he was in New York Ruth and Frances were close friends and recently when Frances and husband, Bunny, went to Atlantic City, they renewed an old acquaintanceship.

"I was Ruth's guest while I was in Atlantic City and now she is mine," Frances said, wistfully. "I'm mighty glad to have her with

(Continued on Page 37)

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## MORE SENSATIONS MONDAY IN PEACHES-DADDY CASE

Only the surface has been scraped in the disclosures of the marital split of Peaches and Daddy Browning so far. The really sensational developments are yet to come.

In Monday's GRAPHIC Peaches will make revelations that will dwarf anything that has come before in her series of confessions written for The GRAPHIC about her weird marriage to the millionaire realtor.

Interesting as her articles have been up to now, they are as nothing compared to what's coming. Don't fail to read Monday's GRAPHIC if you want to know the truth—the real causes that led Peaches to renounce her millionaire protector.

# They Gave Me the Ha-Ha! When I Asked for a Dance —but When I Stepped on the Dance Floor—

By Fred Kennedy

HOW the boys laughed! Ha! ha! ha! They had just seen me ask Mabel for a dance. They stared—amazed at what they considered "my nerve."

"Why, Fred can't dance, can he?" I heard one of them whisper excitedly.

"No; he never danced a step in his life!" came the reply.

Even Mabel, the girl I had asked to dance, looked at me rather questioningly. "You really know how to dance, don't you?" she asked.

Just then the music started. For answer I tightened my arm around her and swept her out on the dance floor in a graceful waltz.

An instant change came over my friends' faces. I heard gasps of astonishment. "Look at Fred dance!" "Where did he learn?"

I kept on dancing—did all the latest steps—glided through all the newest figures. The music—the soft lights—my lovely partner—all seemed to intoxicate me, seemed to thrill me. I danced as I had never danced before!

### A Complete Triumph

When the music stopped, my friends all congratulated me. "Fred, you're a wonder," they declared. "Where did you learn to dance like that?" "You dance like a professional!"

I told them—told them about Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing instructor—told how I had taken his famous course in dancing.

"But isn't that course terribly expensive, Fred?" some one questioned. "Arthur Murray teaches so many of those high society people."

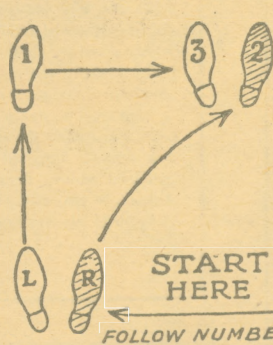
"Not expensive at all," I replied. "I didn't take personal lessons. That isn't necessary. I took his new Home Study course, which costs only a few cents a day!"

### Learn to Dance at Home

This story is typical and it shows you just the chance you've been looking for—a chance to become an accomplished dancer right in your own home at a small cost.

### IF YOU CAN DO THIS STEP

Arthur Murray will make you a finished dancer in 10 days.



No matter how poorly you dance now—no matter if you've never been on a dance floor in your life—Arthur Murray's new method makes you a finished dancer in ten days or you don't have to pay a penny for the lessons.

Just think! In ten days' time you'll be able to do the Charleston, the French Tango, the Ritz Fox Trot, the Debutante Waltz, and all the other smart new steps.

This method of learning dancing is so simple and easy to understand that you



can do any of the latest steps in one evening, right in your own room, without music or partner. And in ten days time you will be ready to take your place as the best dancer in your set!

### Five Lessons FREE

To prove that Arthur Murray can make you a finished dancer in ten days' time, he is willing to send you five lessons from his remarkable course absolutely free! Just send this coupon (with 10c. to cover cost of printing and mailing) and these valuable lessons will be forwarded at once. Also a free copy of his new book, "The Short Cut to Popularity."

Don't wait—you owe it to yourself to clip and mail this coupon NOW. Arthur Murray, Studio 680, 7 East 43d Street, New York City.

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